

OUR SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS ARE ON PAGES 15 and 16.

The Daily Mirror.

No. 71.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

MONDAY, JANUARY 25, 1904.

One Penny

THE COMING NEWSPAPER STRUGGLE.

WILL THE

WEEKLY DISPATCH,

WIN?

Alarm of "Lloyd's Newspaper."

THE SUDDEN AND
PHENOMENAL RISE
of the
"WEEKLY DISPATCH"
has fallen like a bombshell
in the camp of the other
SUNDAY JOURNALS.
The rapid growth
of the
"WEEKLY DISPATCH"
is the
most remarkable event in
modern day journalism.

THE REASON

IS THAT THE

WEEKLY DISPATCH

IS A

SUNDAY PAPER
WITH NEW NEWS IN IT.

See Yesterday's Issue for CLUES to the £,3000 HIDDEN by the "Weekly Dispatch."

THE COMING NEWSPAPER STRUGGLE.

WILL THE

WEEKLY DISPATCH

WIN?

Alarm of "Lloyd's Newspaper."

THE SUDDEN AND
PHENOMENAL RISE

of the
"WEEKLY DISPATCH"
has fallen like a bomb-
shell in the camp of
the other SUNDAY
JOURNALS

The rapid growth of the
"WEEKLY DISPATCH"
is the
most remarkable event in
modern day journalism.

THE REASON

IS THAT THE

WEEKLY DISPATCH

IS A

SUNDAY PAPER WITH
NEW NEWS IN IT.

See Yesterday's Issue for CLUES to the
£3,000 HIDDEN by the "Weekly Dispatch."

HAVE YOU MET THE NEW HEROINE?

There is a Change for Better or is it for Worse?—in
the Woman of the Modern Novel.

ABANDONED. By W. Clark Russell. (Methuen. 6s.)
THE SIRDAK'S OATH. By Bertram Mitford. (F. V. 6s.)

THE AMERICAN PRISONER. By Eden Phillpotts. (Methuen. 6s.)

KITTY COSTELLO. By Mrs. Alexander. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

To watchers of the sky so far as fiction is concerned there has appeared a new star near the horizon in the shape of a new heroine. She is not necessarily either good or bad. She may be briefly described as the unexplained heroine, and she is something of a relief.

Novel readers, for instance, who are tired of having the whole silly temperament of the modern neurotic woman analysed and expounded, and her lightest folly seriously accounted for, will turn with an added pleasure to Mr. Clark Russell's latest story—"Abandoned."

So far as it is a story of the sea—it is just a workmanlike tale of adventure, wherein Mr. Clark Russell is wise and courageous enough to right back to Robinson Crusoe for his theme. His hero is, in fact, wrecked on the familiar desert island of our youth. There he makes his own boats, furniture, fishing-nets, etc., with great ingenuity, and is picked up, an old man, after eight years.

A Clark-Russell Wreck.

There is, one may add, a description of the necessary wreck and fire combined, couched in Mr. Clark Russell's approved style. The wind "howled in fury throughout the leaden morn"; the ship, "labouring furiously, swung her spars in maddening sheerings against the rushing soot of the storm"; the torn canvas "shrieked as it was carried like a pennant at a rolling mast-head"; the shattering water "fell like an avalanche, self-hurled from the mountain brow"; and, "through the fore-hatch, tongues of scarlet fire soared, like the furnace-wings of the smoke, shrivelling shroud and stay, blackening and cracking and cinder-colouring every mast and spar."

More important, however, than all this kind of thing, which Mr. Clark Russell has done very well before, is his charming treatment of the heroine, who is quite a remarkable young woman. For directly she comes home from marrying the skipper, to whose embraces she has hitherto yielded with every appearance of satisfaction, she runs upstairs, locks herself in her bedroom, and refuses to live with him.

One instantly scents some mystery, to be unravelled, possibly, in the last chapter. Had she been studying cheap science? Was there a passion for the curse?

No! One closes the book upon the delightful information that there was nothing reasonable about it at all. The skipper was a good fellow, and she loved him all the time, and she was quite an ordinary girl. It was just her silliness. In

comprehensible her motives may have been, but one thanks Mr. Clark Russell for his quiet hint that when a girl's motives are incomprehensible it may possibly be for the simple reason that there are none to comprehend.

The Lady and the Parchment.

In some other novels of the moment, the heroines are, in the same way, unexplained and unflattered. Indeed, in "The Sirdar's Oath" by Bertram Mitford, we have a pair of ladies both of whom differ materially from the ingenue of convention. "The Sirdar's Oath," has it may be premised, a connection with any profanity on the part of Colonel Sir Reginald Wingate.

It is a love-tale of the North-West Frontier, in which a promising young political agent is engaged to a very objectionable girl in England, who jilts him and then chases him out to India, where she finds her place taken by a sort of Anglo-Indian semi-sorceress.

This latter lady was gifted with second sight, walked in her sleep, rescued the hero from a frontier tribe, and did other weird things, but she, too, proves in the end to be mere flesh and blood. She was in fact so much in love with the political agent that she handed over all her fortune to him. He tore up the deed.

There was a harsh, staccato sound of tearing. The parchment lay upon the floor, crumpled and torn in several places. But she who had handed it to him seemed to share its violent

treatment, for she was crushed to him in a close embrace.

A Feminine Sutieide.

There is no need to explain sorcery after that! If, on the other hand, one needs to read of a real-life sorceress, one who earned the title neither by magic nor by beauty, but by sheer ancient depravity of temperament, he may find such a one splendidly sketched in the wicked old bag of a servant, who lives evilly and dies horribly, according to Mr. Eden Phillpotts's thrilling story of his own Dartmoor.

It is entitled "The American Prisoner," and deals with the time, a century ago, when Dartmoor was the site of a great war-prison. Mr. Phillpotts has many horrors to relate, but nothing so utterly shocking as the character of old Love Lee—for that, strange to say, was her name.

She stole her master's heirloom—a priceless vase—and cursed him for leaving her only £1,000. She lived on barley bread and rancid grease, and berries and acorns and stewed snails, and she inhabited a peat hut, with an ill-kept donkey for companion, and no pillow. The scarecrows were her milliners, and avarice was her vice.

When her hoarded wealth was discovered and the vase gone, she killed herself, thus:—

"Curse! Never I heard such a hail of gashly curses. She tore an snatched, an' grabbed. Then she known 'twas all up wi' her. 'Twas awful what comed after. Her

heart cracked. I heard a sound like a wood-pecker tapping, an' looked, an' seed her head in her head in with a gert stone.

But she couldn't die that way, so she went to rock an' flinged herself against its skull first like a ram butting. An' then she rolled over an' over into the river. God's my judge, I'd have saved her if it had been any other mortal she!"

Mrs. Alexander's Last Word.

After these dark and uncanny types of femininity, one emerges into the light of day—but still an unconventional day—to discover the entirely reassuring, bright, and beautiful figure of "Kitty Costello," the last, but by no means the least, of the late Mrs. Alexander's enchanting heroines.

Kitty is, needless to say, an Irish girl, and Mrs. Alexander pictures her coming to England. She came in the forties. Few open the forties will fail to be interested in the England of the forties, but, if they are, they certainly cannot possibly resist the Irish girl of the forties.

One may add that in reality Mrs. Alexander is the heroine of "Kitty Costello," not only because she very palpably was Kitty Costello, but because this was the last book she wrote, and though it was written at the good old age of seventy-seven it is as brisk and fresh and witty and full of the joy of life as if it had been written at seventeen.

"She had said," writes Miss Duffus Hardy in a pretty preface, "that the day when she sat down to reluctantly to work should be the last of her literary career. That day never came."

Dived in a Raging Sea.

Heroic Attempt to Save Life During a Gale.

A gallant action is recorded on the part of the second officer of the American Line steamer "New York" on her arrival at Plymouth on Saturday.

Whilst on the outward voyage, during which the ship encountered a very heavy gale, during which some of the sailors were swept into the water by a wave.

Without a moment's hesitation the second officer of the ship sprang into the water with the object of rescuing the poor fellow, although the sea was running so wildly that no boat could possibly have lived in it.

Unfortunately before Mr. Keyes could reach the drowning sailor the latter was seen to go to his grave in the lifeboat which had been thrown to him, and he sank. Mr. Keyes was safely hauled back on board in an exhausted condition.

The Christmas holidays being over, the matinee of "Water Babies" at the Garrick Theatre, the matinee of "Hearth" will come to an end. "The Cricket on the Hearth" will be seen to the last on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, as well as every evening.



Mr. Keyes, who plunged into a boiling sea to save a drowning sailor.

TO-DAY'S BEST NEWS.

FIRE DESTROYS 12,000 HOMES.

Norwegian Town Wholly Wiped Out—Inhabitants Now Without Shelter in Cruelly Severe Weather.

An appalling disaster has befallen the town of Aalesund, situated on a small island on the West Coast of Norway.

Aalesund is the centre of an important cod fishery, and contains some twelve thousand inhabitants. Early on Saturday morning a fire broke out. A high wind was blowing at the time, and the flames spread with a rapidity that verged on the miraculous.

Soon three-quarters of the town were in the embrace of the flames; the church and public buildings all caught fire; and all efforts made to stay the spread of the conflagration proved unavailing.

The blaze continued till only the customs warehouse and twenty or thirty small houses were left standing. Not only the homes, but the means of

perished in the fire, but the exposure will probably lead to much loss of life.

Assistance has been hurried to the scene. The Norwegian Government at once sent a small steamer from Bergen with supplies and medical stores, and money, clothes, and provisions for the sufferers are being sent from all parts of Norway.

Help has been quickly forthcoming from Germany. The North German Lloyd steamer *Weimar* and the Hamburg-American liner *Phoenicia* left yesterday afternoon, laden with provisions, medical comforts, bedding, food, and a staff of doctors and nurses, and another steamer leaves to-day. The *Phoenicia* can give shelter to 4,000 people.

The Emperor William has telegraphed to the

The Treasure Hunt.

Fortune Smiled on Many Searchers Yesterday.

Two more districts in London have yielded up their hidden treasure. Out of the thousands and thousands of persons searching the metropolis yesterday for the "Weekly Dispatch" discs fortune smiled on two men—one in Paddington, the other in Wandsworth.

But besides these successes in London, since the publication of yesterday's "Weekly Dispatch," discs have been found at Rochdale, Birmingham, Ramsgate, and Dublin, and successes are also reported Oldham, Bolton, Bradford, and Leeds.

Two discs, each of the value of £25, were found at Rochdale; one of £20 at Birmingham; and two of £10 at Ramsgate. Full particulars of the other successes have not yet been received.

Fifty Pounds in Five Minutes.

The medallion at Wandsworth was found by an unemployed warehouseman, Walter Haynes, of 101, Thurlow-street, Westmoreland-road, who, in company with his brother George, reached the "Weekly Dispatch" offices yesterday morning with the earliest arrivals. By 2.30 a.m. he had secured a copy of the paper.

The two straightway set out with the intention of searching in Bermondsey and Rotherhithe. But there they found so large a crowd already that they put their heads together and discussed what was the best thing to do under the circumstances.

They decided to try Wandsworth, and with all speed started off again. Again they found a large crowd—quite 200 persons—already searching in the darkness. But they were not to be deterred this time, and Walter Haynes, holding a match in his hand, read out the clues to his brother George, as follows:—

Near at hand was a mound with some trees on it. Close by was a smaller one, from the side of which the earth appeared to have been scooped out. The turf overhanging in places, and offered any number of opportunities for concealing the medallion which is to add £50 to the banking account of some intelligent seeker.

Left no Name.

The brothers groped backwards and forwards for a brief five minutes, then with a cry of joy Walter Haynes exclaimed, "I've found it!" His brother rushed to his side and found that there was no mistake; they had indeed secured the disc entitling the finder to £50.

The excitement arising from his good fortune had so taken hold of the labourer who yesterday found the disc hidden in Paddington that he omitted to leave his name and address at the "Weekly Dispatch" office. He merely waited to display his disc, and then, shouting that he would be at the office to-day to obtain his money, dashed off to acquaint his friends of his good fortune.

One of the men who has found a medallion at Ramsgate, Henry Thorington, of Waterworks Cottages, was on his way home to breakfast. He noticed that there were finger-marks in the earth under a hedge beside a path off Pegwell-road. After searching for a few minutes he found the medallion. The other lucky man was Alfred Stead, living in Central-road.

Preacher Points a Moral.

The Rev. Walter P. Goodwin, in his sermon at Clare College Mission, Rotherhithe, taking Matthew, ch. xiii., v. 44, "Again, the Kingdom of Heaven is like unto treasure hidden in a field," as his text, proceeded vividly to interpret his theme by a striking allusion to the "Weekly Dispatch" treasure search.

"The deep interest that is being taken in this searching for hidden treasure is universal," said the preacher. "We are all watching the result of it, and I have been struck with the thoroughness and sincerity of the hundreds who have taken up the opportunity afforded them to secure so much wealth."

"The hidden treasure is not found without much pain or thought; so is it of Christ, Who when on earth left His blessings for those who would to find."

TAXES ON ENTERPRISE.

On every poster exhibited upon a French hoarding you notice a little adhesive stamp. This represents the tax which has been paid for the poster. Apparently there is some idea of introducing such a tax into this country.

The Foreign Office recently despatched a circular to His Majesty's representatives abroad inquiring as to the laws in force on the Continent and America for the regulation and taxation of public advertisements.

The return is just published, and shows that our own is practically the only European country in which there is no advertisement censor and no regulation over hoarding notices, sandwichmen, and the like.

France has been drawing a yearly increasing income from the advertisement tax. In 1846 the revenue from this source was £26,053; for the current year it was £157,780. Fancy dresses and eccentricities on the part of the sandwichman are forbidden.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL AT DUBLIN.

Speaking last night at Dublin, Mr. Winston Churchill said he was an uncommunicated politician. His constituency had no confidence in him, and seemed to take delight in telling him so. But a still more serious reverse had overtaken him.

The Prime Minister, of whom he was a humble supporter, in sending the customary letter to his supporters inviting them to attend the opening of Parliament, had neglected to send him one. He hoped, however, to be there, as he had several things he badly wanted to say.

Hope has been almost abandoned of the missing French transport *La Vieille*, and the cruisers sent in search of her have been recalled.

Seventy per cent. of the available male adult population of the Transvaal have given their signatures in favour of Asiatic labour.

An ichthyosaurus, the first ever found in South America, has been unearthed in Chili.



How the fire swept through Aalesund.

substance of the unhappy inhabitants has been destroyed. Two steam fishing smacks, a steamer, and the smaller craft in the harbour were burned, and the damage done (says Reuter) is estimated at £1,000,000—a vast sum for a poor country like Norway.

Piteous scenes are being witnessed. The weather is cruelly severe, and the wretched twelve thousand, robbed of their all, are suffering the severest physical privation in addition to their distress of mind. Singular to say, only two persons

German Consul-General that the armoured cruiser *Prinz Heinrich* with a number of surgeons and a supply of medical stores has been dispatched to the wrecked town.

The naval captain, Von Grunne, aide-de-camp to the Emperor, goes as representative of the Emperor William.

Two relief committees have been formed, and subscription lists have been opened. The King and Queen of Norway have contributed 6,000 kroner.

JAPAN LOSING HOPE OF PEACE.

Talk of an Ultimatum—Russian Fleet Prepares for Emergency.

TSAR'S VEILED THREAT.

Russia has still not communicated her overdue reply to Japan, and the impression is gaining ground that the reply, when it is received, will not be acceptable to the Tokio Government.

The "Kokumin," one of the soberest journals in Japan, declares that every hope of securing the country's legitimate demands by diplomatic means has now been abandoned. A significant point is the issue of an Imperial ordinance forbidding fishing near fortified places on the coast, and forbidding any marine work that is considered inimical to Japanese naval interests.

The "Daily Mail" Yokohama correspondent states that it is understood that Japan will not wait beyond January 27 for the Russian reply, but will then issue what will be practically an ultimatum.

Preparations are going on with feverish haste at Port Arthur, into which troops are pouring from the north. The Russian fleet is outside with steam up, and even the removal of non-combatants is being considered.

It is reported that serious defects have been discovered in some of the newest vessels, and great apprehension is expressed as to the scarcity of food. It is stated that the supplies would hardly last five months.

Japanese versions of the recent interviews between the Tsar and M. Kurino, the Japanese Minister at St. Petersburg, do not attribute to the Tsar the tone of conciliation ascribed to him in Europe. They declare that the Tsar reminded M. Kurino that Russia was a strong Power.

SIGNIFICANT STEPS AT PORT ARTHUR.

PORT ARTHUR, Friday.

By order of the Russian Admiralty the bulk of the Port Arthur fleet is now being taken out of the harbour to be prepared for any emergency. It is the belief of the higher officials that the question of war or peace will be decided within a day or two.

The authorities are considering the expediency

of removing non-combatants from places of possible danger, and ships are being held in readiness for the purpose.—Reuter's Special.

A "New York Herald" telegram says ten murders are committed at Port Arthur every week.

"A VAST PIECE OF BLUFF."

PARIS, Saturday.

A St. Petersburg despatch to the "New York Herald" (Paris edition) says:—

"The opinion prevalent at Court is that there will be no war, not because Russia fears war, but because Japan will keep quiet. Her attitude is regarded as one vast piece of 'bluff.' I learn from an excellent source that no concession will be made to Japan whatever happens. It is intended to put an end to the negotiations as soon as possible, the best of reasons for doing so being that the present situation is costing Russia a million roubles a day."—Reuter.

KOREA DECLARES NEUTRALITY.

SEOUL, Saturday.

The Korean Government has declared that it will observe neutrality in the event of war between Russia and Japan. The British Minister has expressed his approval of this course of action.—Reuter.

VEILED THREAT TO CHINA.

ST. PETERSBURG, Sunday.

The "Svety" to-day says that any despatch of Chinese troops to the north of the Great Wall, where the Russian sphere of influence is, would mean an outbreak of war not of Japan against Russia, but of China against Russia.—Reuter.

GRATEFUL TO HIS MAJESTY.

According to Mr. G. Borley, who presided at the annual dinner of the City of London Master and Foremen Tailors' Society on Saturday evening, the King never wears the same suit of clothes twice. If only for this, he said, in proposing the loyal toast, tailors ought to be grateful to his Majesty.

VALUE FOR MONEY.

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

HERE.

cal Examples

ASED BY A COOK.

Annie McNamara Disturbed, Collared, and Charged with Suspicious Character.

non or kitchen cook draws higher wages of the parlour or the aproned housewife; evidently, she is worth the money. finds her prepared; she is at once amiable, and alert. On occasion she glares; as witness the following story, before Mr. Fenwick, the presiding deity of the Police Court.

McNamara is cook at No. 1, Cambridge-gent's Park. Associated with her is Ned Doreys, and another named Annie

instead, like the mild Hindu, invests her wealth in ornament. She has, or a gold watch and chain, a gold necklace, four brooches of the objects that

the total value of these objects that

peacock's of an elder day, amounted

To it, it is alleged, entered Allred

described as a crane-drivers of 189, Say,

Marblebone, and on Saturday he was

with abducting the treasure of Annie

er of his arrest is thrilling, and as our

old say, deserves a chapter to itself.

II.

noon, it being the hour when serving

themselves in decent black, in snowy

well-starched cap, discarding the Mar-

blebone prints of the forenoon. Albie

, the cook, and a fellow domestic named

themselves upstairs with the matches. She

was in advance when one stepped a man

lading gas, when out stepped a man

one on this particular landing.

on said nothing, but thought the more

at his face should not be seen the more

head what time the valiant son of his

coat-collar. He flung on his

taking four steps at a time, was soon

et, cook and housemaid after him. His

suit was by way of the outer circle. "Stop

it's Park." The women shouted. "Stop

he man still said nothing, but thought the

er Annie McNamara, the cook, was going

and moreover she was appealing to

by. One of these, at least, checked the

fight, and Annie McNamara, taking no heed

man by the coat-collar, taking no heed

never met before, he said.

he was haled back to the house,

maintaining her advantage, and turning

on all the other's cries and lamentations

slice were fetched, and search being

was discovered that Grinstead's cabinet

four brooches of gold and four of silver

, the chain, the ring, the spectacles and

had been grossly rifled. "Of course

the story was un-

ction of treasure no single care was un-

agistrate to whom this story was un-

shed for some reason as to how the stairs

isomer maintained his innocence, but

why he had run away, could find no

he cook declared that from state to find no

ever taken her eyes off the man. It is a

s have.

t Woodcock, who arrested the man, de-

having found a great part of Grinstead's

on the line of the chase, but—and our

as we trace the words—the watch and

still missing.

dictated a remand.

GETTING NOT MONEY-LENDING.

Middlesex Sessions on Saturday the En-

ing case came up again. George Carter

which fines and costs amounted to

for street beating.

I for the police said appellant's case was

unless it attributed perjury to his wife

he were both policemen.

was unable to establish his contention

was merely a money-lender, and the con-

Market-place as an office, and the con-

as confirmed with costs.

IS LYNCH'S LAST WEEK IN GOL?

Charles Devlin, M.P., arrived in Galway

from Canada, and, in the course of his

to the electors, said he had reason to

within a very short time Colonel Lynch's

successor in the representation of Galway

was released from prison—perhaps within

as a compensation.

me to the station," shouted William

1, when surrounded by a crowd. He all

He was violent. He threw his money all

place. His boots were removed. On

at Southwark Court a 20s. fine was de-

from the scattered treasure.

nting an injunction restraining the besid-

an East London school from the following

of a seaside camp to bathe on the fore-

Foss Bay, near Broadstairs. Mr. Justice

said that the case should present no diffi-

culty in the way of East End boys being

to bathe, as the lord of the manor had his

not churlishly desire to prevent it.

erating a injunction restraining the besid-

an East London school from the following

of a seaside camp to bathe on the fore-

Foss Bay, near Broadstairs. Mr. Justice

said that the case should present no diffi-

culty in the way of East End boys being

to bathe, as the lord of the manor had his

not churlishly desire to prevent it.

erating a injunction restraining the besid-

an East London school from the following

of a seaside camp to bathe on the fore-

Foss Bay, near Broadstairs. Mr. Justice

said that the case should present no diffi-

culty in the way of East End boys being

to bathe, as the lord of the manor had his

not churlishly desire to prevent it.

erating a injunction restraining the besid-

an East London school from the following

of a seaside camp to bathe on the fore-

Foss Bay, near Broadstairs. Mr. Justice

said that the case should present no diffi-

culty in the way of East End boys being

to bathe, as the lord of the manor had his

not churlishly desire to prevent it.

erating a injunction restraining the besid-

an East London school from the following

of a seaside camp to bathe on the fore-

Foss Bay, near Broadstairs. Mr. Justice

said that the case should present no diffi-

culty in the way of East End boys being

to bathe, as the lord of the manor had his

not churlishly desire to prevent it.

erating a injunction restraining the besid-

an East London school from the following

of a seaside camp to bathe on the fore-

Foss Bay, near Broadstairs. Mr. Justice

said that the case should present no diffi-

culty in the way of East End boys being

to bathe, as the lord of the manor had his

not churlishly desire to prevent it.

erating a injunction restraining the besid-

an East London school from the following

of a seaside camp to bathe on the fore-

Foss Bay, near Broadstairs. Mr. Justice

said that the case should present no diffi-

culty in the way of East End boys being

to bathe, as the lord of the manor had his

not churlishly desire to prevent it.

erating a injunction restraining the besid-

an East London school from the following

of a seaside camp to bathe on the fore-

Foss Bay, near Broadstairs. Mr. Justice

said that the case should present no diffi-

culty in the way of East End boys being

to bathe, as the lord of the manor had his

not churlishly desire to prevent it.

erating a injunction restraining the besid-

an East London school from the following

of a seaside camp to bathe on the fore-

Foss Bay, near Broadstairs. Mr. Justice

said that the case should present no diffi-

culty in the way of East End boys being

to bathe, as the lord of the manor had his

not churlishly desire to prevent it.

erating a injunction restraining the besid-

an East London school from the following

of a seaside camp to bathe on the fore-

Foss Bay, near Broadstairs. Mr. Justice

said that the case should present no diffi-

culty in the way of East End boys being

to bathe, as the lord of the manor had his

not churlishly desire to prevent it.

erating a injunction restraining the besid-

an East London school from the following

of a seaside camp to bathe on the fore-

Foss Bay, near Broadstairs. Mr. Justice

said that the case should present no diffi-

culty in the way of East End boys being

to bathe, as the lord of the manor had his

not churlishly desire to prevent it.

erating a injunction restraining the besid-

an East London school from the following

of a seaside camp to bathe on the fore-

Foss Bay, near Broadstairs. Mr. Justice

said that the case should present no diffi-

culty in the way of East End boys being

to bathe, as the lord of the manor had his

not churlishly desire to prevent it.

erating a injunction restraining the besid-

an East London school from the following

of a seaside camp to bathe on the fore-

Foss Bay, near Broadstairs. Mr. Justice

said that the case should present no diffi-

culty in the way of East End boys being

to bathe, as the lord of the manor had his

not churlishly desire to prevent it.

erating a injunction restraining the besid-

an East London school from the following

of a seaside camp to bathe on the fore-

Foss Bay, near Broadstairs. Mr. Justice

said that the case should present no diffi-

culty in the way of East End boys being

to bathe, as the lord of the manor had his

not churlishly desire to prevent it.

erating a injunction restraining the besid-

an East London school from the following

of a seaside camp to bathe on the fore-

Foss Bay, near Broadstairs. Mr. Justice

said that the case should present no diffi-

culty in the way of East End boys being

to bathe, as the lord of the manor had his

not churlishly desire to prevent it.

erating a injunction restraining the besid-

an East London school from the following

of a seaside camp to bathe on the fore-

Foss Bay, near Broadstairs. Mr. Justice

said that the case should present no diffi-

culty in the way of East End boys being

to bathe, as the lord of the manor had his

not churlishly desire to prevent it.

erating a injunction restraining the besid-

an East London school from the following

of a seaside camp to bathe on the fore-

Foss Bay, near Broadstairs. Mr. Justice

said that the case should present no diffi-

culty in the way of East End boys being

to bathe, as the lord of the manor had his

not churlishly desire to prevent it.

erating a injunction restraining the besid-

an East London school from the following

of a seaside camp to bathe on the fore-

Foss Bay, near Broadstairs. Mr. Justice

said that the case should present no diffi-

culty in the way of East End boys being

to bathe, as the lord of the manor had his

not churlishly desire to prevent it.

erating a injunction restraining the besid-

an East London school from the following

of a seaside camp to bathe on the fore-

Foss Bay, near Broadstairs. Mr. Justice

said that the case should present no diffi-

culty in the way of East End boys being

to bathe, as the lord of the manor had his

not churlishly desire to prevent it.

erating a injunction restraining the besid-

an East London school from the following

of a seaside camp to bathe on the fore-

Foss Bay, near Broadstairs. Mr. Justice

said that the case should present no diffi-

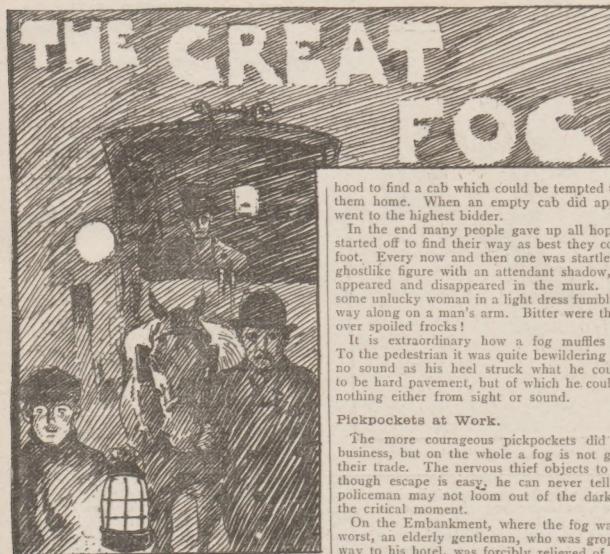
culty in the way of East End boys being

to bathe, as the lord of the manor had his

not churlishly desire to prevent it.

erating a injunction restraining the besid-

an East London school from the following



London Under an Evil Pall of Stifling Vapour—the Worst so far This Year.

Yesterday was foggy. Saturday was worse. Friday night was beyond words.

Never did London more truly deserve to be called the "City of Dreadful Night."

All Friday fog had been hanging about in the western suburbs, especially along the course of the river. Towards night it crept up till London was buried in a real black fog of the worst and most unpleasant description.

Following the river it swept suddenly up White-hall and Northumberland-avenue just as the theatres were emptying. It came up like a wall. Where only a few moments before there had been a steady stream of cabs and 'buses there was a rolling mass of fog punctuated by shouts and cries.

In the Strand and Fleet-street it puffed up from every street and archway leading towards the river. Gradually it spread and grew deeper till the lamp posts were hidden and the dark pall complete.

Even the 'Buses Lost.

By half past eleven it was almost impossible to get about. Nearly every cab had been taken directly the fog was seen approaching, and the 'buses seemed hopelessly lost.

Driving was an impossibility, and the unlucky cabbies were compelled to dismount. A hurried conference with the fare inside, and then one of the lamps was taken out and cabby turned himself into half guide and half beast of burden.

With the lamp in one hand, and dragging along a reluctant horse with the other, cabby felt his way along the edge of the curbstone while inside the hansom his fare was shivering dismally. Happy the man in a fur overcoat on such an occasion!

The 'buses were little better off, except that it was the conductor who acted as guide while the driver was able to keep his place on the box. But even so many of them had a bad time.

At half-past twelve a Hammersmith 'bus turned up in Oxford-circus. The driver's remarks when a policeman tried to point out to him that he was not at Hyde Park Corner almost had the effect of dispersing some of the fog.

At Marble Arch belated and befogged 'bus was rescued by two policemen as it vainly tried to climb over the "island" at the end of Park-lane.

"I'm Not Particular."

"Which way do you want to go," shouted one of the policemen after trying to make out what was written on the side of the 'bus.

"Chelsea," answered the driver, "but I'm not particular."

In parts of Oxford-street, where the thoughtful authorities have put the lamps in the middle of the road, it was pitch black on the pavements, and a straggling procession of cabs and pedestrians crawled gingerly along the gutter, feeling their way with sticks and umbrellas. Even whip-handles were pressed into the service.

But if the fog seemed thicker just away from the bright lights of the theatres and restaurants it was there that it caused most trouble.

At all theatres but a few which were over early shivering crowds of women in evening dress waited dismally while their menfolk scoured the neighbour-

hood to find a cab which could be tempted to take them home. When an empty cab did appear it went to the highest bidder.

In the end many people gave up all hopes and started off to find their way as best they could on foot. Every now and then one was startled by a ghostlike figure with an attendant shadow, which appeared and disappeared in the murk. It was some unlucky woman in a light dress fumbling her way along on a man's arm. Bitter were the walls over spoiled frocks!

It is extraordinary how a fog muffles sound. To the pedestrian it was quite bewildering to hear no sound as his heel struck what he could feel to be hard pavement, but of which he could learn nothing either from sight or sound.

Pickpockets at Work.

The more courageous pickpockets did capital business, but on the whole a fog is not good for their trade. The nervous thief objects to it, for, though escape is easy, he can never tell that a policeman may not loom out of the darkness at the critical moment.

On the Embankment, where the fog was at its worst, an elderly gentleman, who was groping his way to his hotel, was forcibly relieved of a fairly bulky pocket-book by two thieves. Umbrella snatching was the most common form of theft.

On Saturday morning things were a little better, for a fog never seems quite so bad in the daytime.

What with the light from the shop windows and the faint glimmer of daylight which struggled through the fog-wreaths, it was possible to find one's way about.

During the afternoon the fog partially lifted, and, though still dark and dismal, by contrast it seemed as though it had really gone.

ACCIDENTS BY SEA AND LAND.

The advent of the fog was signalled on Friday night by a couple of railway accidents, which, happily, were not attended with such serious consequences as were feared. The first occurred about 10.30 just outside Clapham Junction, the 9.32 South-Western train from Kingston to Waterloo running into the rear of the 9.30 from Windsor, which was being brought to a standstill. The

on Saturday despite the fog. Protected by fur and frieze the royal party were driven to the Great Park, and at first the beaters, dimly seen, might have been anything from a grizzly bear to a treasure hunter.

Later, around Cranborne Tower, capital sport was found, 200 pheasants and rabbits being killed by one o'clock. The royal ladies joined the party for lunch, but owing to the fog becoming thicker returned to the Castle almost at once.

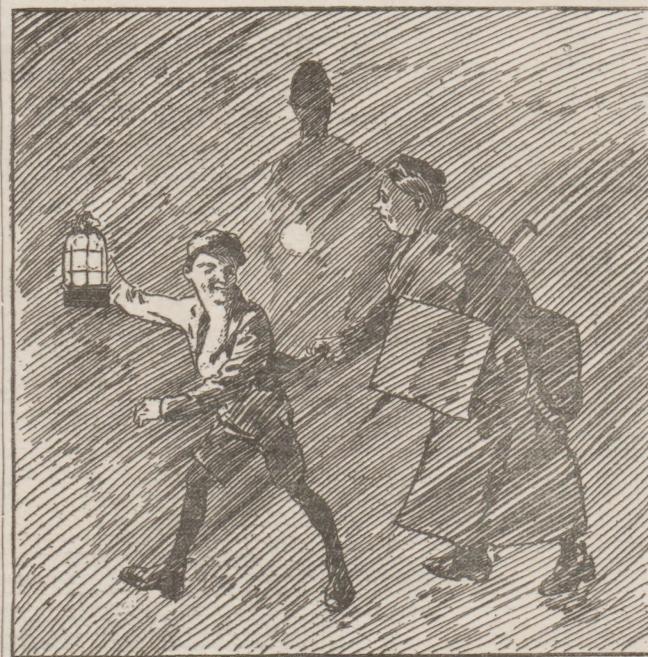
The drive back was all but marked by a collision with a coal cart that was coming their way. Fortu-



Frost and fog combined lead to disaster.

nately the postillions saw the danger in time, and the ladies reached the Castle without accident.

The fog has been the cause of several disasters at sea, and at least one magistrate reached town too late to preside over his court on Saturday.



Small boys with lanterns enjoyed the fog, but—

FOG AND FLOOD IN AMERICA.

The fog is in America as well. Reuter reports that, swing to its density at many ports from Boston to Norfolk, vessels have not been able to dock.

And, to make matters worse, bridges have been destroyed and railway traffic has been delayed by floods in the western part of New York State, and at Pittsburg the buildings on the river fronts are under water.

The damage is estimated at 1,000,000 dollars.

THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC.

The disappearance from a Paris Hotel of Louisa Raquena, a popular young Spanish dancer, and sister of the well-known Spanish music-hall artist, Dolores Raquena, has given rise to considerable police activity in regard to the white slave traffic.

The girl arrived from Spain in company with a man who calls himself a Spaniard, but is believed to be an active agent in this detestable traffic. The two went to an hotel in Montmartre.

On January 3 the "dentist" left the hotel, and three days later the girl went out, but did not return, nor has she been seen or heard of since.

The "dentist" recently returned to the hotel, and professed to be greatly surprised,

JAN. 25, 1904.

TEETH AND CHARACTER.

Army Recruiting Falls Off For Various Reasons.

During the first nine months of last year, 29,324 recruits were raised for the regular Army, excluding the Colonial corps, and 26,774 for the Militia.

On March 31 a very important change was made.

JAN. 25, 1904.



AMUSEMENTS.

TO-NIGHT
JOSEPH ENTANGLED.
Presented at 8.30 p.m. by Widow WO

EDWARD WEDNESDAY AND SATUR

MAJESTY'S THEATRE, AND EVERY EVENING AT 8

THE DARLING OF THE GOINS.
By David Belasco and John Luther Lon

PRESENTED EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATUR

IMPERIAL (Mr. Watts open daily, 10 t

TONIGHT AND EVERY EVENING AT 8

MR. GEORGE ALEX

IMPERIAL THEATRE, MR. LEWIS

MONSIEUR BEAUCARRE.

LAS

LAST WEEKS, AND EVERY EVENING AT 8

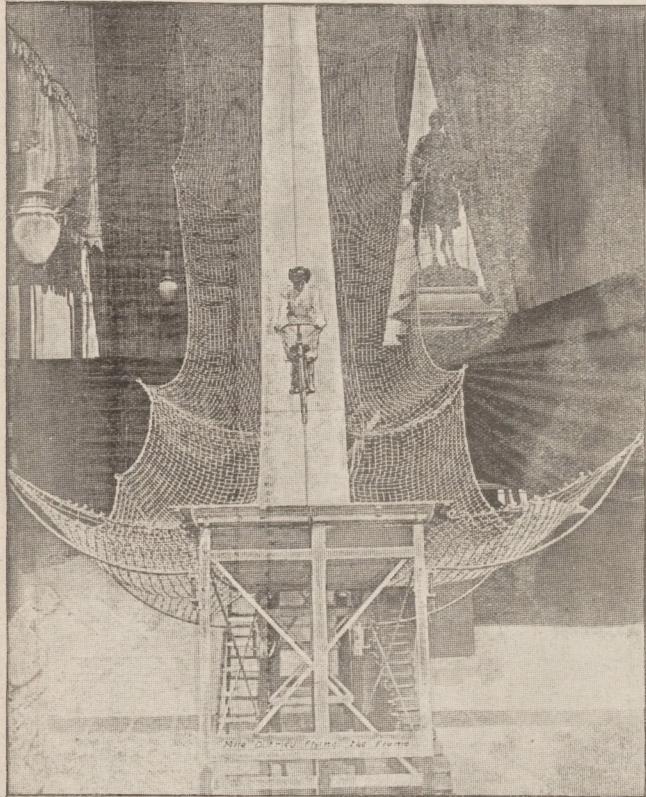
MR. GEORGE ALEX

IMPERIAL, WEDNESDAY AND SATUR

EDWARD WEDNESDAY AND SATUR

PICTURES AND PORTRAITS ILLUSTRATING PEOPLE

"THE HUMAN ARROW."



Mlle. Dutrieu, who is performing her sensational feat known as "Flying the Flume" at the Crystal Palace, has just been condemned, by a Parisian jury, to pay £1,200 for breaking a contract. Our photograph shows Mlle. Dutrieu flying down the inclined track preparatory to making her sensational leap in mid-air. [Photo by] Russell & Sons.

STAGE LUXURY.

How the Parisian Actress's Dressing Room is Decorated.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Friday.

At the exhibition of decorative art now being held at the Petit Palais in the Champs Elysées there is a model of an actress's dressing-room which is attracting much attention. It has been fitted up in the most luxurious manner by masters in the art of modern furniture, and the knick-knacks have been contributed by women of no small renown in the artistic world.

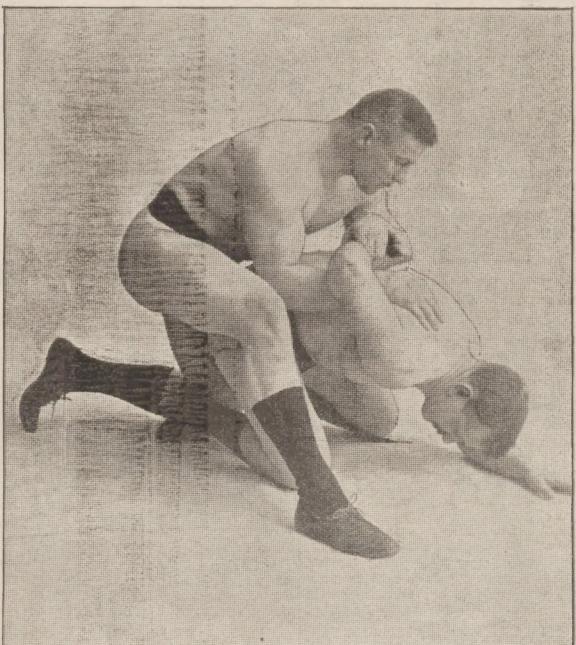
Sarah Bernhardt sends two weird studies of seaweed, in bronze. Madame Madeleine Lemaire shows an exquisite fan; and a bonbonnière and small hand-mirror painted in roses, by her sister,

Madame Suzanne Lemaire, are dainty enough to please the most fastidious feminine taste. M. Eugène Lelievre designed the more practical of the toilette necessaries, and one would think that the act of curling and combing could be nothing but an unmixed pleasure with such shapely instruments.

A statuette of Loin Fuller, as an electric light of changing hues, stands in one corner, and not far away is a beautiful fan in Gobelin tapestry, by M. Perraud. The room is heated by an electric apparatus, carried out in hand-beaten copper, with a screen of the same work, designed by M. Schiedecker and worked by M. Regis.

Some handsome curtains divide the toilette-room from the ordinary dressing-room, which is fitted up with marble washing basins and decorated in art nouveau style, like the first room. Not a detail has been forgotten in this model of fashion's fancy, and the result is a luxurious resting-place, where life between and behind the scenes may be as pleasant as it is at home.

HACKENSCHMIDT,



"The Russian Lion," who will wrestle Madrali, "The Terrible Turk," for the championship of the world, at Olympia on Saturday.

[Photo by Foulsham & Banfield.]

"OPHIR" REDISCOVERED.

King Solomon's Mines Believed to be Found in Egypt.

Away on the Elbair desert in Southern Egypt Mr. G. James, the mining engineer, has made what is believed to be a remarkable discovery of gold.

Mining experts for some years have been aware that gold and other precious metals exist in Egypt, and Mr. G. W. Streeter, the well-known Bond-street diamond merchant, in co-operation with a few friends, sent out an expedition some three years ago under the charge of Mr. James.

A tract of land, some sixty miles by thirty, was acquired. Mr. James reports that no fewer than twenty mines have been discovered, the minerals ranging from gold and emeralds to copper and haematite iron.

The story of some of these mines is curiously interesting. At the gold mine called the Hangolia there are evidences of workings a thousand years old.

Fabulous Riches.

"Mr. James writes," said Mr. Streeter to a *Daily Mirror* representative, "that the mine is probably one of those worked during Cleopatra's time. The Nubians ravaged the country, and the people engaged on the mine must have fled at their approach. Gold; Mr. James declares, to a fabulous amount—I can't tell you the exact amount at present, but it runs to millions—lies ready to be extracted for the mere cost of the stamp."

"It was this region," continued Mr. Streeter, "that scientists declare was the Land of Ophir of



TOD SLOAN, the famous American jockey, who will shortly start training in England.

ELIXIR OF TEMPERANCE.

The Rev. W. Carlile, of Church Army fame, is now selling, at the army headquarters, an elixir which cures the drink habit by taking away all craving for liquor.

A *Daily Mirror* representative, making his

ART IN THE CAMERA—A CHARMING STUDY.



Photo by

the Bible. Here it was that King Solomon sent his ships for gold and precious stones. I firmly believe that in Egypt we have one of the great gold-producing countries of the future.

Another discovery was that of a copper mine. It had been timbered up a thousand years ago, and the timbers to-day remain in almost as good preservation as if they had been put in fifty years ago."

The engineer will be home in a few weeks, and Mr. Streeter will possibly form a company for the working of these mines. Nearly twenty years ago he formed a syndicate for the Burmah ruby mines, and so great was the rush for shares that a prospectus cost a guinea, and Mr. Rothschild, going to his office in St. Swithin's-lane on the morning of allotment, had to be handed over the heads of the waiting crowd.

IRON MASTERS' FORTUNE.

The late Mr. Samson Fox, who, born a poor lad, founded the great iron business known as the Leeds Forge, has left personal estate of the net value of £127,290.

By his will he leaves his widow an annuity of £1,500, and allots the residue to his son,

quiries, found an eight-ounce bottle can be bought for 4d., just under cost price. Whenever the desire for strong drink arises a dose of about a wine-glassful is taken. The stuff is not unpleasant, and produces a sensation similar to that of peppermint.

"It has proved efficacious," said an official of the Church Army, "in a great many cases, one of which came under my notice quite recently. A man—a gentleman—had become a confirmed drunkard, and had sunk into a state bordering on destitution. Finally his wife persuaded him to

try our anti-craving medicine. This was eighteen months ago. Now he never drinks to excess, and is in a good berth. It is an absolute cure."

The mixture, it may be stated, is compounded by several well-known doctors. Indeed, it was produced, after several months' experimenting, by a prominent physician.

LORD BARRYMORE'S COURAGE.

Lord Barrymore, a well-known Irish landlord, suffering from injuries sustained in a street collision in Cork. His Lordship, though thrown to the ground with considerable force and dazed, quickly recovered and walked to the railway station.

AND EVENTS IN THE WEEK-END NEWS.

THE NOVELISTS' RIVAL.

New Vagabond Club Entertains One of Radium's Godparents.

The mention of radium puts the novelist on his mettle. His romance challenges his boldest efforts. The members of the New Vagabond Club should entertain Sir William and Lady Ramsay a very pleasant thing, therefore, showing that the writers of romance, who chiefly constitute the membership of the club, do not resent the advent of this brilliant rival.

The banquet in the Grand Hall of the Hotel Cecil on Saturday night to the great scientist and his wife attracted a large company of well-known people. Mr. Douglas Slader was in the chair, and Mr. G. B. Burgin and Mr. A. S. Boyd as vice-chairmen. The others present included Mr. F. T. Bullen, Mr. and Mrs. Frankfort Moore, Mr. J. Niel Dunn, Mr. Robert Donald, Professor James Thompson, Captain Grant, Mr. W. J. Dr. John Todhunter, Mr. Walter Jerrold, Mr. Pett Ridge.

The speech in which Mr. Frankfort Moore pronounced the "Guests of the Evening" was marked



CAPT. J. W. NOTT-BOWER, of the City Police, who has come to the Royal Commission on London police have no hand in breaking up the streets.

(Photo by Braun, Barnes, & Bell.)

Useful and witty allusions to this rivalry of the novelists and science. The ranks of the Vagabond Club, he said, were largely composed of writers of romance; and all would be with him that the most important of scientific discoveries had been anticipated by the writers of romance. In fact, it had taken science all its time to go pace with the suggestions of romance. His investigations and experiments conducted with such a series of steps forward as had never been equalled within the entire range of scientific research.

William Ramsay, in responding, traced the discovery of radium, and mentioned that a German doctor had anticipated the discovery of radium. His name was Dr. Jarvan du Mai Jua. This was certainly a romance in itself. It had been suggested that uranium salts after exposure to light could be made to take photographs. Professor Rutherford, of Montreal, found that radium gave off a gas which shone in the dark—a luminous gas which could be condensed as steam could be condensed to water, and then it shone all the more brightly.

Mr. Ramsay hinted to the novelists present that the future might open up the subject of the transmutation of one element into another. He was far from saying that silver or copper could be turned into gold; but they might very well be made very much cheaper than it was at present.

THE OPENING MISS.

The electric tramcar service between New Cross and Westminster-bridge, via Camberwell and Peckham, was opened to the public yesterday. Trams were stuck at one point for over an hour.

UNDAUNTED BY THE FOG.



Notwithstanding the fog, his Majesty and the Duke of Connaught had an afternoon's shooting in Windsor Great Park on Saturday.

H. W. STEVENSON,



The great billiard player, who made a break of 265 in his match against W. Cook, on Saturday.

"BART'S."

The Lord Mayor writes to the *Daily Mirror* a letter pressing the claims of St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

The institution has occupied, he says, the same site since 1123, no recommendations are required for the sick poor, and upwards of seven million patients have been relieved in the last fifty years. Moreover, a series of eminent men, from Harvey downwards, have been educated in the medical schools.

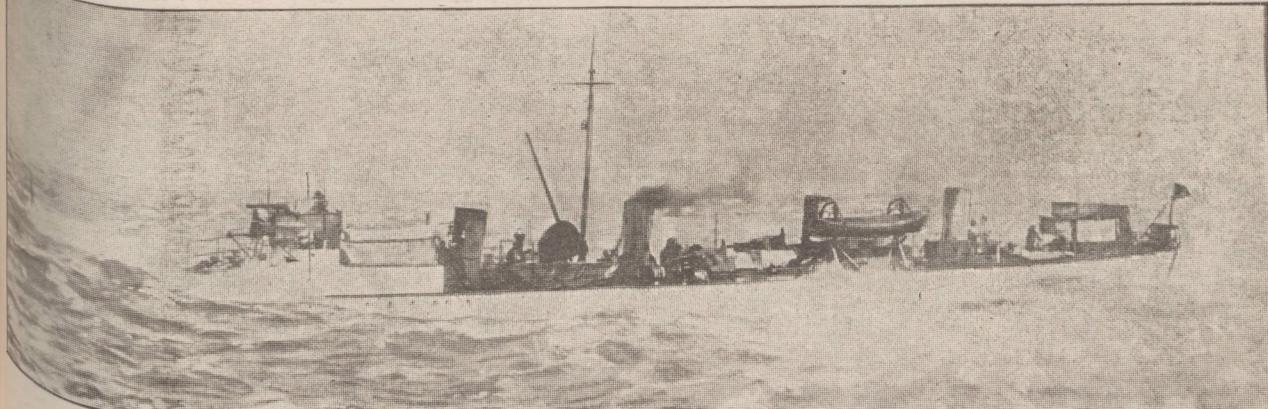
The Lord Mayor appeals for help "with considerable confidence" not only to the citizens of London, "that pre-eminently wealthy square mile," but to the public generally.

Whether his expectations will be realised, and whether the City and the public are prepared to respond and uphold the much-criticised City scheme, remains to be seen.

WHERE THE DOLLARS WENT.

Little drops of prides,
Little grains of wheat,
Make the dollars wanting
For the balance-sheet.

An official of the Produce Exchange Banking Company, U.S.A., for which a receiver has been appointed, has confessed to defalcations amounting to 170,000 dollars, and has admitted that he lost that sum in speculation on the Chicago grain market. Several branches of the company, says Reuter's Cleveland correspondent, have been closed.



A Japanese torpedo boat in a heavy sea while on scout duty in the Far East.

(Photo by West & Son.)

Chance, the Juggler.

BY CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "By Right of Marriage.")

CHAPTER LII.

Continued.

Appeal to every sentiment had failed—to reason, to paternal affection, to honour, to his love of Martia. Sir John was obdurate. A year ago he had been weak and very ill, and he had not been able to cling to his resolve with the tenacity of to-day. Now he was seemingly strong, physically and mentally, and grimly cool and matter of fact. There was an ominous reserve in his manner and his speech; and he repeated as a formula those words that had never ceased to ring in the young man's ears—"There is only one thing to be done. I must confess!"

They did not argue now; there was no appeal. They both fully understood one another. Sir John was quite fair; he did not accuse his son, as he said, he was not fit to judge anyone. He had sinned, and his soul and God were of more account than all the world, even though the world included Philip and Martia. He was not a Chesney; he was a fraud and a humbug, a man who had stolen a name from a dead man, and was now himself going down into the dark valley of the shadow. That was all.

Philip saw the position and quailed before it.

"I rely upon you!"

Philip did not speak; he had nothing to say. His father relied upon him to help him to face the scorn and ignominy of exposure. He—he, Philip Chesney—was called upon to blazon forth the fact that his father was a common impostor, a thief, a gigantic humbug; to shout aloud that he was not a Chesney, but a wretched, named Walter, the son of a renegade priest and a faithless wife; to resign his commission, to hide his head with shame and go away—far away, never to raise his head again and look an honest man in the face; to become poor, penniless—he who had done great things and wore the V.C. and the D.S.O. on his breast. He—Philip Chesney of the 22nd Hussars! And this was expected of him. This!

"I rely on you," Sir John had said.

Yes, the sword of Damocles had indeed fallen. What would they say—those good fellows of the 22nd? The messes—the clubs—the men he knew? They would hear it at Oxford. The newspapers would be full of it. His name and face and career would be the butt of the country. What would Joscelyn say? Joscelyn would probably laugh. And Martia? Good God—Martia? She would know him to be a fraud, a low scoundrel of an impostor. She who had married him!

No—a thousand times, no! He could never do it. He dare not face it.

"Look here," he said in a voice that rose little above a whisper, "I can't prevent your doing anything you like, though, by heaven, no one would blame me if I shut you up in a lunatic asylum or—killed you. No, one, I say. A man in a hole may do anything."

"Philip! Philip—my son!"

"I am no son of yours. Let us end the farce. You have broken all bonds between us. Go on, do all you want or can do; bring your name and mine and Martia's in the mud!"

"Stop—Philip, what are you saying?"

"Confess that you are a criminal impostor, shout it aloud to the four winds, wallow in your atomement—I cannot prevent you. Save your wretched soul. I am not able to stop you. But, do not expect me to help you, do not expect me to live to see your degradation. No, sir, this is the end. You want to die comfortably; well, you can have your way. I hope you'll consider the sacrifice worth it. I'd better send Lyle into you. He'll no doubt be able to advise you on the details. Good-bye!" He strode towards the door.

The old man stretched out his hands. "Philip, come back! Where are you going? Philip!"

He stopped with his hand on the door handle and swung round.

"If I were not such an infernal coward," he said, "I should kill you before you brought ruin and disgrace upon me. But I can't do that. No, by Heaven, I dare not! But I can do something else, at any rate. Oh, you shall save your soul! I won't stand in your way. I hope you'll enjoy your Heaven."

"What are you going to do?" gasped Sir John.

"I? Oh, I'm going to Hell, I suppose. I needn't interfere with you. I shall kill myself. Good-bye."

And he flung himself out of the room, slamming the door after him.

CHAPTER LIII.

As Philip came out of his father's room he met Patrick Lyle coming upstairs. The priest's hands, face betrayed grave anxiety; the length of the interview between father and son had caused him many misgivings.

Philip could not contain himself.

"This is your doing!" he blazed out, fiercely.

The priest looked calmly into the younger man's inflamed face; his own quiet gaze dominated for a moment the almost insane fury that burned in Philip's bloodshot eyes.

"Shall I go to Sir—to your father, Captain Chesney?" he asked. "I am afraid that something is the matter."

"No," said Philip, harshly. "I want to speak to you first. You have done enough harm already with your cursed cant. I have something to say to you now. I insist—"

"It is not necessary. I am quite willing, if your father can be left alone."

"I will ring for Henry. Please come to my room."

A few moments later they faced each other, Monsignor Lyle by the open window, serene as usual, his handsome head slightly bent, his hands fingering the cross on his breast; Philip by the table, unrecognisable as the hero of at least one deed of splendid gallantry and daring, looking like a man distraught, shaking with the insane fury that had his whole being in its grip, so that his fingers could hardly hold the paper-knife that he affected to play with.

"My father has remembered me," he cried. "The shock of hearing of Clowes's death has given him back his memory."

The priest betrayed no emotion. He raised his eyes and looked at the young man with a kindly, impersonal gaze, seeking to magnetise him into some sort of composure.

"He has remembered, and he declares that he will confess!"

"You must have known," said Lyle, "that some day he would remember."

"You have known all along!" exclaimed Philip, with fierce hostility.

"Yes."

"You knew before I did?"

"It was I who advised your father to tell you the truth. Naturally, he found it hard. He feared—"

"He had cause to fear," was the harsh rejoinder.

"And, when they thought he was dying, and they asked me if I could ease his mind by reminding him of the thing he wanted to do, so that he might die in peace—and I lied? Did you know, then, while you knelt and prayed?"

"Yes."

"And I suppose you thought me a monster?"

"It was very sorry for you." The gentle answer fell like music upon the storm-laden atmosphere; but it could have taken more than the serenity of a mind like Patrick Lyle's to calm the furious waves of Philip Chesney's passion.

"Sorry? But now it's ten times worse. He says he must confess. I've tried to stop him, but nothing I say has any effect. You have more influence over him than anything else; you must prevent him from doing this thing."

"You forgot to whom you are speaking, Captain Chesney," said the priest, with his suave and gracious dignity.

"Oh, no! I do not! I know that you religious people profess a creed which you know perfectly well can't be put into practice in this world. I know that you talk of punishment and repentance and the confession of sins, and all that, and that you have set up an ideal which is quite impossible to live up to. But I am not talking to you as a priest."

"Then I am afraid I cannot listen to you," said Lyle gravely. "It was as a priest that your father gave me his confidence. As a priest that it was my painful duty to refuse him absolution until he had confessed and made reparation; as a priest that I have stood by in sorrow and seen you withhold the light from his darkness and prayed that you might see your duty and turn from deception and follow the truth."

"But, as a man, you know that such a course would be suicidal, mad—that, if you were in my position, you would have acted in the same way."

"I cannot discuss the subject as a man," Lyle showed no resentment. He was clothed in the authority of his office. Philip had never held converse with him in this mood before.

"Then you will uphold him in this mad, wicked folly that will ruin us all?" cried Philip.

"I shall encourage him to atone and to make his peace with God and Holy Church."

"And you think that your God wants the sacrifice of an innocent man's life? What is there for me to do? I must not live to see myself disgraced. I have done nothing, and I must stand quietly and see my name taken from me, my honour, my career. I must smile patiently and say it is the will of God, while I am branded as the son of an impostor, a man who has lived a lie from his birth, the dupe of his own father, a creature who has lived on the prestige of a name that never belonged to him, and been reared and educated with money every penny of which was stolen as surely as it had been taken from a till!"

"Is Lord Clowes really dead?" asked the priest, as Philip paused, almost choking with rage at this dark picture that he had drawn.

"Yes."

"Then," continued Lyle earnestly, "do you consider the alternative? It is a step further in deceit, and—since I must speak the truth—in that you take more prestige, more honour, more money—none of them belong to you. Surely, putting religion on one side, any honest man would be happier with a clean conscience than with all the glories of the earth."

"Bah! Don't talk cant to me!" cried Philip, beside himself. "I suppose you can't help it, it's your profession; you put it before a man's life—a man's soul, if you will, just as my father does. I have told him that he will gain his Heaven by sending me to the hell he appears to dread so much."

"What do you mean?"

"That I'm not going to live to see the disgrace. Oh, please don't preach to me; I'm sick of religion. What is there in it? It's the same as everything else—every man for himself. My father saves his own soul at the expense of mine. I say that is what his religion tells him, that if I take my own life, I shall be damned, and yet he persists. It's pure selfishness—call it any name you like."

The priest's smooth face had grown stern. In his eyes was a sombre, hieratic displeasure, and not little human contempt.

"You have your soul, and your father has his," he said, "we must all look to our own. And this is a question where there can be no compromise. It is right against wrong. It is the eternal choice given to man from all time, the chance of salvation or damnation, and it may be to point the way."

"Is the right always so clear?" cried Philip, changing his tactics in desperation, and turning his eyes on Lyle's angered face in passionate appeal. "Is it always one of two things? Are there not medium courses that may end in just as great good? Is there no middle course for us? Monsignor Lyle, you serve your Church and love her. Are you sure that you serve her best by urging my father to confess?"

"I do not understand you, Captain Chesney."

Philip moved a step nearer.

All his intense energy of revolt was directed into a new channel. Gone was the hostility, the dark look, the unworthy sneer. There was passion in his voice, no longer of fury; but of appeal; there was some of his old winning charm in his eyes; in his sudden spring forward there was some of the verve and vitality of his irresistible youth.

"Are you sure?" he repeated; and now the

words came in a torrent, low, eager, straight from his hard-pressed brain, that thought it had found a way through diplomatic by-lanes to the accomplishment of the thing that meant life or death to him. "Monsignor Lyle, you serve your Church; your highest hope must be for her honour and glory. My father was one of your most conspicuous converts. As a rich man, honoured and respected, he can be of great service to you; as an outcast, disgraced, ruined—what good can he be? It isn't as if we were doing any harm; no one will be benefited; we are not wronging anybody. Manvers, a man old Clowes hated, will get the title; most of the money will go to the Crown. Be reasonable, monsignor! The bare, naked truth is not always best. In this case I believe it will be a crime. I am speaking for myself—my father has lost all claim to be considered; my interests are the only ones that count. I have been shamefully wronged; surely you must see that. Persuade my father to be silent, and you will keep your friend, ten times more powerful than he has ever been, enormously rich, and devoted to the Church; and you will have gained, besides, another friend in me."

The priest shook his head.

"And, after my father, I shall come." Philip went on. He was wrapped up in the idea; it was an inspiration. Surely there was no living man who would refuse what he was going to offer. "And I will give you everything you want. Whatever calls you make upon me shall be met. I will build—a cathedral, I will give you thousands, tens of thousands, to feed your poor and carry on your propaganda. I will swear solemnly to you that I will not carry on the race; it shall die out, as if it were accursed through my father's fault. I will have no heir, monsignor, and at my death I will leave every penny that is not in the entail to the Church. Think what wide-reaching effects it would have if the present Earl of Clowes, one of the richest men in England, be a devout Catholic and his son a friend also of his father's faith! If the end justifies the means, monsignor, that is not a great enough end to be gained, just through silence about a thing that has been going on for more than thirty years?"

He paused, pensive; his hands clasped and unclasped at his sides. It was as if he were carried away himself by the magnitude of the task that he offered.

For one moment during this impetuous and unbalanced speech a flame had leapt into the eyes of Patrick Lyle; but it had died away instantly; and he did not hesitate for a moment before he answered:—

"My son, I know that in the world they say strange things about us. They say that we hold the honour and glory of Holy Church established on earth so high that we will sacrifice to it even morality and truth, so that we may win a convert or raise a church. They say that we do evil things so that good may come. They say other things that are neither charitable nor true. My son, it is true, I love Holy Church and serve her; but I pray that I may always remember that a man—be he priest or layman—can only serve Holy Church truly by serving God."

It was his answer; and, through all the turmoil of his passions, the deep earnestness of that beautiful golden voice in its proud, humility fell on Philip's ears and filled him with a sudden sense almost of awe. He did not speak; there was nothing more that he could say. The silence was profound and long.

Presently Patrick Lyle held out his hand. His face, his voice, his whole expression had changed. He was once more the man of the world, serene and courtly.

"As a man," he said, gently, "I am sorry for you, Captain Chesney."

"What is the good of that to me?" cried Philip, bitterly. "What is the good? You are going to ruin me all the same."

"Do you think it is quite fair to say that?"

"It is true. You have complete control over my father. Anything you tell him to do he will do blindly. He committed a crime and he ought to take the consequences."

"You cannot see with your father's eyes, Captain Chesney," said the priest. "You are not of our faith. You know that he was repented and desires to make atonement—confession is the only course. You do not realise that silence causes everlasting perdition. Repentance is not enough; we must make reparation as far as we can."

"And so my father chooses salvation, and leaves perdition to me!" cried Philip. He no longer pleaded; he glared at the priest with cold, angry eyes. He hated him as a man hates one whom he has vainly tried to bribe. There was a fierce satisfaction in flinging at him his determination to take his own life, as if by doing so he could make the priest feel responsible for his soul. "I will not live to see it," he said, with a sort of mad derision. "I have told my father that I will kill myself, and I will do it!"

But Patrick Lyle was unmoved. He saw that Philip, in the throes of this passionate revolt against the threatened loss of all he valued in life, was not responsible for what he said, and he was genuinely sorry for him.

"Suicide is not only a sin, but the act of a coward," he said, quietly, "I am quite certain that you will decide to behave like a man. You say you are innocent of any wrong in this matter, and that is quite true. Surely it is some comfort to know that even if you lose a few worldly advantages your hands and your heart are clean."

"What is the good of talking to you?" sneered Philip. "You are a priest. You do not understand. You have not been brought up to feel the blood of brave men coursing in your veins and to awaken suddenly and find it is all a lie. You have not suddenly and unexpectedly reached a great position and found that you must forego it and be dragged down into the mud of disgrace and of disrepute to satisfy the scruples of a man's conscience which has been asleep for more than thirty years! Oh, it is monstrous! And coming just now on the top of everything else! You can't understand. My whole life has been ruined by the two people nearest to me! How should you understand? I can't talk about it any more. It will drive me mad!"

He collapsed suddenly, dropping into a chair, and hiding his face in his hands. He was overwhelmed by the insensate and fiendish cruelty of fate.

"I do understand that you suffer," said Patrick Lyle, and his voice was more sympathetic than it had hitherto been. "Suffering is the penalty that men must pay for living."

Philip raised his face. It was haggard and old. He was spent, and his voice was dreary. He looked at Patrick Lyle with a dull curiosity; it was the first time there had been nothing of the priest in his words and manner.

To be continued.

MAUDE TAYLOR,
1636, SLOANE STREET, S.W.
SALE THIS DAY
WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE



275.—**RUSTLING GLACE SILK SKIRT.** Newest French Shape; trimmed three Frills, and Ruched on deep tucked Flounces in Mauves, Blues, Pinks, and Nudes.

50 Silk Moiret Skirts..... 6/II 24/II 30/II

15 Black Silk Skirts, guan. uncut..... 6/II 24/II 30/II

50 Crepe de Chine, French Blouses..... 3/II 12/II 22/II

50 Flannel Blouses..... 3/II 12/II 22/II

50 Accordion Pleated Silk Blouses, in various colours..... 15/II 32/II to 33/II

50 National Nightie, square neck, trimmed Val. Lace..... 6/II 24/II to 25/II

50 Flannelette Nuits, Nighties..... 5/II 12/II to 13/II

50 Printed Silk Nuits and Nighties..... 5/II 12/II to 13/II

All Orders executed in section and must be sent on approval, but will be exchanged if not satisfactory.

MAKES the SKIN as SOFT as VELVET.
"Baroldi"
BEETHAM'S
REDNESS, CHAPS,
IRRITATION, TAN, &c.
in a very short time.
Delightfully Soothing and Refreshing.
Bottles, 1s., 1s. 9d., and 2s. 6d. each, of all Chemists and Stores, or Post Free from the Makers,
M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham.

A FREE SAMPLE OF "VINOLIA"
(An Emollient Cream for the Skin, Eczema, Irritation, &c.)
Sent on receipt of 1d. stamp
VINOLIA CO., LTD., LONDON, N.W.

BISSELLING
Is quicker than BRUSHING
and ever so much more lasting
You push the Bissell easy to and from
the floor it sweeps as it sweeps and gathers as
it goes. The DUST is gone.
There is no effort, no backache, nothing to
stand on. Any good Ironmonger,
Store or House Furnisher will
be pleased to supply your
browsing into
Bisselling
for 9d, 10s, 12s, 14s and
17s.

CONSULT "The Times" Atlas
if you wish to be up-to-date as to the position
of the quarrel in the
Far East

"THE TIMES" ATLAS is a handsome
folio volume, about 18 in. by 12 in. size.

Cloth Edition
27s. 6d. net.
H'f-Morocco Edition
35s. net.
Edition de Luxe
55s. net.

OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

